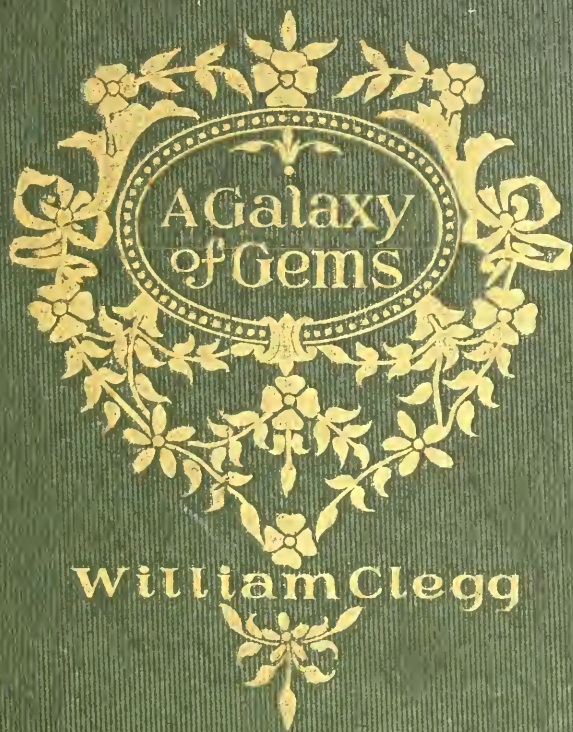




William Clegg

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by

PETER C. CARLSTON, HUSBAND AND

LEGRAND ALF, HERALD LAMAR AND

KENNETH DE WITT CARLSTON,

SONS

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Yours respectfully
William Blegg

A GALAXY OF GEMS.

BY WILLIAM CLEGG,
The Springville Poet.

*THE DESERET NEWS, PRINTERS,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.*

1900.

DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR
TO
ALL LOVERS OF TRUTH
AND VIRTUE.

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CONTENTS.

What is Love?.....	5
Works Human and Divine.....	7
Utah.....	9
Share the Burdens	10
Pat and the Letter.....	12
The Wife's Dream.....	16
The Husband's Dream	21
A Plea for the Slighted Ones.....	26
Wisdom	45
A Fable, and its Lesson.....	48
Progress Inevitable.....	51
Whose Ox is Gored.....	54
The Ocean	58
Give Every One Their Due.....	61
Speak of a Man as You Find Him	62
Let us Practice What we Preach	64
Give Every One a Chance	66
Endless Duration.....	68
Three Priceless Gems—Virtue, Love and Truth.....	70
The Frogs in Trouble.....	72
An Acrostic.....	75
Retribution	76

CONTENTS.

iv.

Who Can Measure Arms With God?.....	79
Charity.....	81
An Acrostic.....	83
Kindness	84
Address to Man.....	86
Woman	89
A Wish for Salt Lake City.....	96

A GALAXY OF GEMS.

WHAT IS LOVE?

THAT pure, celestial, never dying fire,
Which prompts the songs of heaven's immortal choir;
An attribute of heaven, sublime and pure,
True charity, which ever will endure;
The strong impetus of unmeasured speed
Of angels sent to saints in times of need;
The arm of Deity encircling man,
'Till fully saved by His eternal plan.
The power supreme that casts out slavish fear
And fills the soul with peace, when death is near;

Knows no suspicion, fears no evil day,
For he who loves his Maker, will obey.
A feast divine when free from sin's alloy;
A store exhaustless of unmingled joy.
'Tis mercy's highway from the throne above,
'Tis Heaven indeed, for God Himself is Love!

WORKS HUMAN AND DIVINE.

WHATEVER works of art we scan
With scrutinizing eye,
Despite the pride and toil of man,
There imperfections lie,
Though fair and beautiful it seem
To our unaided sight;
Yet microscopic power can bring
Deformities to light.

So with theories men have framed
Of every kind and name;
Though plausible and much revered
The issue is the same.
Man filled with vanity may boast
His wisdom, or his skill;
Yet truth reveals a host of faults,
And proves him foolish still.

Not thus amongst the works of Him,

Who formed the lovely flow'r;

There order and perfection beam—

Intelligence and power.

The grass, the trees,—yea everything

Gleam with a light Divine;

While to the aided gaze profound

More hidden glories shine.

Thus with revealed religion, too,

'Tis as its Author, pure.

Unnumbered beauties greet the sight

When men its light secure.

And still their strengthening sight may find

Glories unseen before;—

May find a banquet, where the soul

Can feast forevermore.

UTAH.

A SOVEREIGN State evolving in the West;
A howling desert once, divinely blessed,
Whose streams, and breezes, carry life and health,
And in whose bosom sleeps amazing wealth!
Whose mountains, lakes and sunny valleys fair
With any clime on earth will well compare;
Where dwell a people loyal, brave and free,
Advancing to a glorious destiny.

SHARE THE BURDENS.

DON'T burden the back of the camel,
'Till he cannot, or scarcely can go;
Or hitch to the horse that is willing,
More than he is able to draw.

Though the load should only be feathers,
You may hamper his body and head;
May hinder his progress as surely
As if what he carried was lead.

Don't break down some with much hard labor,
Because known to be steady and true,
While there are stout teams in the stable,
All spoiling for something to do.

Or while fat in the wild fields roaming
Many beautiful colts you can see,

If only put into the harness
A mighty assistance would be.

'Twill apply to the farm or the shop
To the office, the rostrum, or school;
In toils of the brain or the body,
Let justice and mercy bear rule.

'Twill apply to the family circle;
Each brother and sister should try
To equalize every burden,
That time may go pleasantly by.

Never leave for father or mother,
What you are well able to do.
They have long and faithfully labored
To nourish and take care of you.

Now help them to carry their burdens,
Or too soon they may finish life's span;
They cannot stay with you forever,
Then keep them as long as you can.

PAT AND THE LETTER.

PAT thought it would be a very fine treat
A letter to get in an envelope neat;
Brimful of news items, good wishes and such,
But a favor like that he never could touch.
No, never to him had a letter been sent,
A fact which filled him with discontent;
Yet this could not fairly be reckoned a slight,
As not one of his folks could read or could write.
He stood by the post-office window one day,
Watching people take letters and parcels away,
When a gentleman came, his name did not speak,
But the postmaster started his letters to seek;
For knowing the gentleman perfectly well,
There appeared no reason his name to tell.
His letters were handed without much delay,
Without interrogation or aught to pay.
The Irishman thought this a very good chance,

His long cherished wishes to safely advance.
His prospect never seemed clearer or better,
So forward he went to ask for a letter.
Quick to the window the postmaster came,
Saying, "Very well, sir, please tell me your name?"
At this question Pat felt his dignity rise,
And a flash of displeasure peeped out of his eyes,
"An' what business is that of yours," he replied,
While his looks and tones the postmaster defied.
Who replied, "You must tell me your name or no
use,
How else could I give you a letter, you goose?"
Then Paddy, resenting this shameful abuse,
Said, "Arrah! be aisey, don't call me a goose;
Ye ough to be knowing yer business better
Than insulting folks when they ask for a letter."
But the postmaster, heedless of Paddy's distress,
Impatiently shouted, "What is your address."
Pat thinking that this was but an insult new,
Angrily answered him, "An' what's that to you?
Pray what has me dress wid the letter to do?
Be jabbers me dress is the best I can get,

Look out there, me honey, I'll whollop you yet."
The postmaster wondered what next he could say
To satisfy Paddy and send him away.
And he said, "What would your directions now be?"
Said Pat, "If you'd look at the letters ye'd see."
"But I don't know what to look for," he replied,
"I'm sure that to serve you my best I have tried."
Pat answered, "I told ye as plain as could be,
To look in your box for a lether for me;
It's becuse me affairs ye just want to know,
That makes ye be tazing and quizzing me so:
Ye give some their lethers that don't tell their name;
I saw ye, me honey, just now do that same;
But becuse I am poor ye made fun o' me dress,
Bad luck al be afther ye for it I guess,
May ye ate dirty buther the rest of yer days,
An' get nae good times till ye do better ways."
Then the postmaster said with a comical smile,
"Now I don't wish your feelings to hurt, or to rile,
But if you think there's a letter for you
You must tell me your name or I nothing can do."
"Then, Teddy O'Riley," said Pat with a sneer,

The postmaster said, "There's no such name here,
I have looked all the letters and parcels through
And I'm sorry to say there is nothing for you."
Be the powers," said Pat, "yer not fit to be there,
A-grinning at folks as ye sit in that chair.
But that wasen't me name I tould ye at all,
So ye didn't get to know, ye see, afther all;
If I meet you outside next Saint Patrick's day,
I'll make yer eyes twinkle a different way,
I've a beautiful poker as ivver ye see,
That's been with meself in many a spree,
Me dad in his will left that poker to me,
Och! The son of me daddy's the 'broth ov a boy,'
And to twirl the 'shillalah,' was ever his joy,
And as sure as me cat ever chewed up a mouse,
I'll give you a crack if ye'll come by me house."
Then Pat went away feeling angry and sore,
While the postmaster shaking with laughter did
 roar.

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

A LADY 'tis said had a dream one night,
Which bothered her husband, as well it might.
He thought it was quite a reflection, it seemed,
But how did he think she could help what she
dreamed!

It is said there's a cause for all that transpires,
And that dreams often come from the force of desires,
But let cause and effect operate as they may,
We need not always infer in that way.
This pair had been married a very short time,
And the honeymoon yet should have been in its
prime,
But alas! Discontent is often the fate
Of those who engage in the marital state;
Some expecting too much from their partner for life;
Sometimes does the husband, sometimes does the
wife;

But whether in this identical case
Either had reasons their steps to retrace,
Whether one or the other too much had required
Of their mortal companion, has never transpired.
They had quarreled and said unbearable things—
A course which oft separation brings,
Creates contempt or a strong desire
To keep up a retaliating fire.
Most women we find whether old or young
Lay claim to the right of using the tongue,
And as practice makes perfect, men often find
Women win at the game when they feel so inclined,
In words aggravating they often excel,
And in terms of affection and kindness as well.
The husband it seems thought the quarrel was o'er,
But she thought she would give him a dab or two
more.

The morning in question he thought her subdued
When he suddenly found the conflict renewed.
On awaking, his spouse sitting upright in bed
Was sighing and crying with eyes quite red.
Said he, "Now what is the matter, explain,

Do you want to stir up that trouble again?"

She replied, "'Tis a dream that troubles me so,

And to think of the chances I had to let go!"

Said he, "Let me hear it, perhaps I can see

If it means anything for you or for me."

She said, "I will tell you but don't like so to do,

For you'll think my dream is a tough one for you."

"O, well," said he, "never mind that, I can keep
cool,

To care for a dream I should be a fool.

She said, "Then I dreamed I went out for a walk,

When I heard a man talking such curious talk,

He was standing in front of a very large store

Saying, "A chance like the present you'll never see
more,

So come, my young ladies, walk in like a flock,

Now is the time to look at our stock.

We have husbands for sale of every kind,

And for cash you can get a man just to your mind."

"So I thought I would just walk in with the rest,

Only to see which I thought of all I'd like best.

There were some that looked noble and handsome
indeed,

Such as every sensible woman would need;
But those were so few and the prices so high,
That I had to pass by them all with a sigh;
In fact I don't know how such could be sold,
No one woman, I think, possessed enough gold;
But if several should join and take one to a set,
In that way they all a good husband might get.
There were various sorts and conditions of mind,
Some wild and some tame, some cross and some
kind,
Some ugly, some handsome, some short and some
tall,
Some light and some dark, some fat and some
small.

But I had no money, so none I could buy,
And that was the reason that made me cry."

"O well, no cause for tears I see;

But did you see any ones there like me?"

"Yes, tied up in bunches, I plenty saw there,
Some looking exactly like you, I declare,

And there they were ticketed ten cents a bunch!"
As she said it she looked just as roguish as Punch
We only need add that the very next day
He was seeking divorce in the liveliest way;
He had prided himself on his coolness so grand,
But that dream was too much for his nerves to
withstand

THE HUSBAND'S DREAM.

ONE morning at breakfast he musing sat,
Not seeming inclined as usual to chat;
All around him appeared so clean and sweet,
His wife plainly dressed, exceedingly neat;
Her children all looking healthy and fair,
With cleanly-washed faces and well-combed hair.
She finished her washing the day before,
Had dusted the furniture, mopped the floor.
He thought that the linen looked just like snow,
So white and comely, all in a row.
The stove and dishes were clean and bright,
He gazed around with a look of delight.
His wife was diligent, clever and wise,
Nothing escape her vigilant eyes;
Her mother had taught her to cook and to clean,
And her home was tidy enough for a queen.
Her husband it seems had never observed

The blessings that so much notice deserved.
In a warm, clean bed he at night could rest,
For years of his means she had made the best;
Yet, to give to her an approving word
To his thoughtless soul had never occurred.
Now his wife soon noticed his silent mood,
That he scarcely seemed to taste of his food.
Said she, "are you sick this morning, my dear?
If you are not, what makes you act so queer?"
He said, "I dreamed what I don't wish to see,
I think it has taught a lesson to me.
My wife and children, I dreamed were no more,
And when a short time of mourning was o'er,
Thinks I to myself, I'll have a gay wife,
I'll please my own eyes if I plague my life;
So I chose a girl who in dress could shine,
And now thought I, we shall manage it fine.
But I soon found out that it cost me too much,
And that the household work she would not touch.
When I married I had of shirts a score,
And changed them till I could change no more,
But she never commenced to wash them out,

So to do it myself I set about.
Early one morning with soap and with suds
I began to wash out my 'dirty duds,'
When I got to work she opened her eyes,
For a moment looked on in dumb surprise,
At last she said, 'John, what are you at there,
Well, if you ain't washing, I do declare!'
I said, 'Yes, I didn't know what to do,
My clean linen you see is all gone through,
I actually haven't a single clean shirt,
And I didn't like to be lost in dirt.'
Said she, 'Well, John, you are quite in the right,
And I hope you will get them nice and white.
And John, while you are washing things for you
Would you please to wash for me now a few?'
That capp'd the climax, I felt so mad,
That I felt like saying something quite bad,
Said I, 'Madam, don't you intend to try,
To begin to do something by and by?'
She looked in my face with a saucy grin,
As if quite sure she could the contest win,
'A lady,' she said, 'I was trained to be,

And little hard work you will get from me.
My mother such things ne'er taught me to do;
She didn't expect it, and neither should you.
You must hire the work done, stingy elf,
My mother did so, or she did it herself;
I'll be lady here or I go where I can:
I'll leave you and marry a richer man.'
'All right,' said I, 'then away you must go.'
But she changing her mind, said, 'No, sir, no!
You don't get me off in any such way,
You married me, sir, and here I will stay.
Your bargain you rue? That's nothing to me,
I know when I am well off, you shall see.'
Her beauty was false, it was only paint,
And her corsets so tight, oft made her faint;
The rouge and lilywhite thick on her face;
When all was washed off left a yellow place;
Yes, looked by daylight all pale and yellow,
About the color of old, dirty tallow.
I thought, a great situation is this!
O now my first wife I sincerely miss,
Than live with this last one I'd sooner die.

At this I awoke with a long drawn-sigh.
I was glad to find it was only a dream,
And a new light seemed on my mind to beam.
I saw that I had not near valued you,
Had scarcely noticed what for me you do.
And now if you can forgive me, dear,
I'll not in the future so heedless appear;
I'm now far better off here with you,
Than I'd be with one of the shiftless crew.
You have done a great deal, I plainly see,
In saving expense and comforting me."
He gave her a kiss and from that bright day
Continued kind, comforting words to say.
This seemed new life in her soul to create,
For her husband had learned to appreciate.

A PLEA FOR THE SLIGHTED ONES.

I.

AS I've passed through life I have often seen
Things that I thought had better not been;
I have noticed distinction and partial act,
Which ever from peace and joy detract.
I have seen when slighting has wounded deep,
Seen many a gentle one sit and weep,
O'er sayings unkind, neglect and scorn,
Or a blighting frown on a proud face worn.
I have seen when social crowds have met,
Some would notice a few, the rest forget;
In the dance, for instance, where all repair,
To enliven the spirit and banish care.
Do the happy always remember those,
Whose souls are sadden'd by heavy woes?
Do they think of the widow that sits by the wall
In a well-worn gown and faded shawl?

She said, "My heart is heavy with grief,
Time seems to bring me little relief;
I'll join for a while with the festive crowd,
To refresh my feelings with sorrow bow'd,
Disconsolate, lonesome as I can be,
I will see if any one cares for me."
She goes escorted by some kind hand,
Who her desolate state can understand?
Aside from this little attention shown,
She sits like a stranger unwelcom'd, unknown.
The young and handsome dancers there
Always choose the young and fair;
In every circle they form a part,
But never think of that lonely heart.
She sits and reflects of days gone by,
And drops a tear and heaves a sigh;
She thinks of him laid low in death,
Who had loved her to his latest breath;
Whispers "Had he been here, I know
I had not been neglected so.
I came to lighten my burden here,
But my heart feels still more lone and drear."

Could not you gentlemen dancers spare
A gleam of joy for that breast of care?
The fair might surely afford to rest,
While the dance beguiled the aching breast.

II.

There's a girl that came in a "calico" dress,
As neat as the best, if it did cost less.
She's as good as any, and better, may be,
Than some dress'd up in finery;
She has clothed herself in her best tonight,
And a share in the dance is but her right;
Her clothing, not costlily, may be as clean
As that which envelopes the fairest queen.
She earns her living, and that should be,
The proudest dancer's guarantee;
Her face may not be quite as fair
As some conceited beauties there,
But many a gem that decks a crown
Once lay neglected, unseen, unknown,
And "Birds of Paradise" only show
Brighter plumes and a deeper glow,

But if compell'd to change their dress.
Their duller hues would please us less.
Surpassing sweetness is often found
In flowers that bloom quite near the ground.
Then gentlemen pass not heedless by
The "Wallflower," sitting with downcast eye.

III.

Ladies! whenever you lead the way,
Choose not always the gallant and gay,
But sometimes seek for the hand of one
Whose merriest days, it seems, are gone;
Your fair white hand will not be disgraced
If it is in that of a "veteran" placed,—
It will not injure your fame one whit,
And should not lessen your pleasure a bit.
You should not slight his time-worn face,
Though he dances not with a finished grace;
You will gain the love of the good and kind,
And that will be an advantage, you'll find.
He has been young, like you, one day,—
In honor his years may have pass'd away;

He has bravely faced the storms of life,
His scars are those of unequal strife;
He will bless your effort his heart to cheer,
And it may prevent an indignant tear.
The youthful crowd can wait awhile
Till the face of care assumes a smile;
When only a part claim all the joy
The pleasure of some it must destroy;
The spirit laments o'er memories past,
And a gloom o'er remaining life is cast;
Then all should graciously try to spare
A mite of attention to each one there.

IV.

Somewhere at times we all may meet,—
In public halls or on the street,—
One who had been by vice decoy'd
Whose once bright hopes seem now destroy'd.
Perhape the drunkard's cup was the bait
Which lured him on to destruction's gate;
Unguarded words or deeds of shame

May have cast black odium on his name.
It may be a female once deceived,
By honey'd lips she had believed,
Then left, abandoned to her fate,
Crushed under burning shame and hate;
Whose hopes and aims were once as pure,
As many whose virtue seems secure;
But many, who never were tempted, prate
And brag of their own immaculate state,
Who might have fallen as low as she,
Had they been tempted equally.
Of her maddening wrongs she cannot speak,
For scalding tears and a burning cheek,—
She is cast aside, in contempt, to die,
Or harden in crime and the world defy;
She is spurned and shunned in every place,
While her spoiler walks with unblushing face;
He is welcomed around with the blandest smiles,
With his black heart filled with hellish wiles.
Society, here, makes a horrid mistake,—
They murder a lamb and cherish a snake;
A reptile who should for his crimes atone

In a way that would make him let others alone.
Crush not the victim of guile and deceit,
But in paths of salvation direct her feet;
Let the seducer encounter the blame
And receive the reward of his deeds of shame.

V.

Through unwise allusions to unwise deeds,
There's many a heart with sorrow bleeds.
Does it seem best, with an angry frown,
The last faint rays of hope to drown?
Ignore the wretched or always chide,
Refer to their errors, their griefs deride?
'Twill only tear open the healing wound,
And tend to make vice still more abound.
While inflexible virtue endorses no sin,
It strives the erring from crime to win;
A cheerful good morning, a smile or a nod
Would come to such hearts like a blessing from God.
"My mistakes are forgiven," that poor heart would
say,
"And I now see the dawn of a happier day."

Some hearts will melt at a gentle word
That cannot be conquered by dungeon or sword.
If all took this course 'twould be better by far
Than scorning and frowning and profitless war;
Many eyes that look fierce sweet tears would bedim
And hearts would be softened, now callous and grim.
Then each the true friend of humanity be,
And slight not repentance, wherever it be;
For all have their follies, shortcomings and sins,
And will all seek mercy when judgment begins.
A compromise never to crime can be given,
But all that repent have a promise of heaven;
If the Judge, high above, no mercy could spare,
Our hopes of the future might sink in despair.
Despise not, or pass with Pharisee-eyes,
The sinner, repentant, attempting to rise;
If we strive to wipe away misery's tears,
It will bear reflection in after years.

VI.

And when rich men their feasts provide,
With dainties collected from far and wide;

When pleasures and smiles beam all around,
And all rejoice at sweet music's sound:
Do they think of those that labor'd long,
To build the mansion so fair and strong?
Wrought all the comforts around them spread—
The clothes they wear, their daily bread?
Fought their battles with foreign foes?
Shielded their homes from a host of woes?
Braved winter's cold and summer's heat
To store with plenty the rich retreat?
While they perchance in poverty dwell,
Suffering more than they care to tell?
Some much endure, where little is said,
Go thinly clad and scantily fed;
Many a family noble and true,
Suffer a martyrdom shaded from view:
They should be both well housed and fed,
Who build the houses and "raise the bread!"
Who all their strength and talents employ,
To make the comforts the rich enjoy;
With grateful feeling, they should take care
The laborers their festivities share.

The poor, the aged, infirm and blind,
Should also be kindly borne in mind,
And if they might not come to the feast,
They should be thought of at home, at least.
The Savior was poor as man could be,
When he sojourned in mortality;
He never despised the poor or maimed,
But each a portion of sympathy claimed.
Then while you rejoice in the blessings convey'd,
By the sacrifice Jesus on Calvary made,
Think, as you sit at a sumptuous board,
Of those who can scarcely essentials afford;
Remember, that God is the Father of all,
That all are partakers of death, by the fall,
Who, when with his levelling dart shall strike,
The kings, and the beggars will all be alike,
And nothing we claim on the earth will be ours
Until guaranteed by the "Heavenly Powers."

VII.

Young men, to your parents' counsel give heed,
And grieve not their feelings by word or deed

In your childhood their stout arms supported you
well,

And they loved you far better than language can tell;
In return, as in weakness and age they descend,
Let your strong arms the flickering life-lamp defend;
The kindness return which they lavished on you,
Yes, cheerfully cancel the debt which is due.

If neglect or unkindness to them you have shown,
That sin to yourself and your parents is known;
Like a cankerworm eating, destroys their peace,
And none but yourselves can bring them release.
Your errors acknowledge, without more delay,
And seek their forgiveness—they'll soon pass away.
Can you tell me the worth when your parents are
gone,

Of the words, "I forgive you, God bless you my
son?"

You will value them more than diamonds or gold,
When the lips that have said them are silent and cold.

VIII.

Young maidens, revere their instructions too,—

Their hearts are full of good wishes for you;
They have guarded your interest, have sought your
 weal
With the fervor of love parents only can feel;
They have guided your feet through your earlier
 years,
Have wept o'er your sickness and banished your
 fears;
Protected each lamb in the family fold,
Have fed you and screened you from hunger and
 cold;
Have sympathized with you in every distress,—
Their efforts untiring their offspring to bless;
And now that their heads are silver'd by time,
To treat them unseemly would be a great crime.
Revere their advice, their age and their love,
And angels will watch you with joy from above;
But treat their affection with slighting and scorn,
'Twere better for you, you had never been born.
To them, with politeness, ever seek to behave,
Make happy, by kindness, their path to the grave;
Then when on the earth no longer they dwell,

It will comfort your hearts, if you've treated them well.

IX.

And parents, by precepts of wisdom, prepare
The hearts of your children life's trials to bear;
Expect not more than they really can do,—
You would think that was hard if required of you;
But study their frame, their nature, their powers,—
For over-exactions the best temper sours;
And slight not the sorrows that trouble their breasts,
Nor always refuse their little requests.
Be quick to forgive, when of wrongs they repent,
At their quivering lip let your bosom relent;—
If a little one cannot its sorrows disclose
To its parents, where can it unburden its woes?
To whom should its heart for sympathy seek,
Or to have the big tears wiped away from its cheek?
How sad a young bosom, uncared for, must feel,—
The heart that repels it, surely, harder than steel!

X.

And wives, recollect, you have duties too,—

That much, very much depends upon you;
If you would retain your husband's respect
Never his welfare and comfort neglect;
Sympathize with him in toil and distress
And he, in return, your kindness will bless.
Woman's sweet smile, with a magical power,
Can lighten the gloom of the darkest hour;
Her words dictated by kindness and love
Drop like sweet music from regions above;—
A help-meet for man a woman should be,
Such Heaven intended as her destiny.
The companion of man, her dignified place,
And well is she fitted that station to grace;
Not to control him, his wishes despise,
Nor as dictator presumingly rise,
But willing and loving and gracious and kind,—
Like the vine, round the oak, caressingly twined,
To earnestly help him his trials to bear,
And chase from his brow the dark shadows of care.
Man's place is to guide, control and defend,
And woman's, her aid to his energies lend;
If each fill'd their sphere, as Heaven ordained,

What numberless blessings by each would be gained?
But when wives forget the allegiance they owe,
The anguish it causes they never can know;
The sunshine of peace disappears from his face
And sorrow deep lines on his countenance trace;
The prime of his manhood is speedily past,
And the tokens of age accumulate fast.
Sights are most cruel from those we esteem,—
Then happiness vanishes quick as a dream.
Man's lot on the earth would be lonesome and drear
Without woman's sweet presence, his spirit to cheer;
Many a husband has scorned to complain,
And chosen a gloomy reserve to maintain;
For life has no longer a charm to impart,
When honor, esteem and affection depart.

XI.

Some husbands, O shame! slight the wives of their
youth,
And forget to deal with them in honor and truth;
You lov'd them at first when you took them to wife,
That love should increase as you travel through life;

They bore you children in sorrow and pain,
And that of itself your love should retain.
They have bravely stood by you when troubles appeared,
Your dangers, your cares and perplexities shared;
In sickness have nursed you with tender regard,
If your life could be spared that was ample reward;
Yes, the wife of your bosom can feast on your smiles,
Her heart of its sorrows your good-will beguiles.
An ordeal she pass'd ere your offspring drew breath,
The anguish of which brought her nigh unto death;
'Twould be cruel indeed if you slighted her woes,
Their number and agony man never knows;
Susceptible nerves, excessively fine,
Her wonderful organization entwine.
Then if irritation, with electrical speed,
Cause a petulant word, pray give it no heed;
But noble and generous a light word abide,—
Her true woman's heart its own rudeness will chide;
Her words sometimes drop ere thought is matured,
And grief is in consequence often endured.

Be not too exacting, forgive and forget,—
Full perfection need not be expected just yet:
Defer not your kindness till life ebbs away,
Then frantic and vainly beseech her to stay;
Affection seems cruel, arriving so late,
Though she smile in return as she passes death's
gate;

Wait not till the pulses of life are nigh spent
And then of your cold inattention repent;
Though she freely forgives and listens once more,
As if music she heard from the heavenly shore;
To others 'twill seem like a mockery vile,
Like the visage of murder attempting a smile,
But comfort her spirit while health yet remains,
It will help her to bear all her sorrows and pains;
From her eyes the pure lovelight in beauty will
beam,

And the trials of life will pass like a dream.
Though her color be faded, and wrinkled her face,
Remember the days of her beauty and grace,
When she gave you herself, a royal bequest,
And you felt like a monarch ineffably bless'd.

XII.

'Tis the poet's legitimate task to unfold
How to conquer by love—how the conquer'd to hold;
If he rightly fulfills his bright mission below,
His soul with divine inspiration will glow;
The holy desire in his bosom will burn,
To help fallen nature to God to return;
To scorch, when 'tis needful, by sayings like flame,
Or alarm as when thunders from Sinai came.
'Tis his duty, in fairness, his weapons to wield,
To arouse due reflection, the injured to shield;
To reopen the hearts which unkindness has barr'd,
To soften the conscience grown careless and hard;
By words fitly spoken truth's beauties unfold,
As from "Baskets of silver take apples of gold."
To speak for those lips that cannot express
The keen sense of wrong which their owner's oppress;
To plead for those hearts that never could tell,
Of the sorrows corroding that in them dwell.
Some spirits there are that still must bear

With slights till their souls consume with care;
And some could not of their wrongs complain
For a breaking heart and a burning brain;
Then pardon the freedom I now assume,
And admit, for this plea, there is plenty of room.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is the principal thing.—*Solomon.*

O WISDOM! what with thee may bear comparison?

What tongue can utter all thy worth, or who

Thy portals open wide, that man may see

The fullness of thy treasures?

Associate of Deity, from everlasting thou hast

God's approval, the lustre of thy glorious beams are

Seen as much in tenant of the tiny leaf, or living

Dust, which roams upon the smallest fruit—its ample world—

As in those bright and ponderous orbs seen

Rolling through immensity, performing each its revolution

In its time. be it an instant or a thousand years!

Consistent with every principle of truth and order

And well adjusted all to thy most grand designs,
To mortal man, thou comest by the will and mercy
Of his Maker. When sought in His appointed way
'Tis true experience full oft eliminates a portion of
Thy rays, surprising man, uprooting theories of vain
Philosophy on which he placed his trust,—more
precious

Thus thou art, from lying counterfeits spread out on
Every hand. The soul that gains thyself is rich;
Indeed, yea, whoso finds thy dwelling place finds
everything of worth.

Wisdom Divine, thy principles of everlasting truth
Laid out in practice are ever equal to necessity in
every place,

Acquired, or revealed to man from high, eternal
heavens;

Thy worth may not be told in rubies, or in golden
treasures!

Yet ah! how seldom man accepts the proffered
boon or

Profits by the past! Still prone to follow pleasing
but

Illusive fancy, again to be deceived and plunged in
Sorrows, for which himself can find no antidote.
But now let men forsake their errors, in this their
Gracious hour, and wisdom's treasures shall be
 theirs, if
In humility they will obey their Great Creator. The
 key
Of knowledge shall to such be given, and every
 thing in
Heaven, or earth made known, while those who
 still reject
Shall be as one, who, standing on the ocean's shore,
Observes the setting sun, beguiling distant waves
 with
Semblance fair of gems unnumbered, bathed in
 light,
Which, should he take his skiff and strive to gain,
Would only find but darkness and despair.

A FABLE, AND ITS LESSON.

THERE was a man, who had an errand on a
winter's day,
Who to reach his destination must tread a slippery
way;
While warned and counseled by his friends, ad-
mitted wise and true,
He felt assured the road was strewn with dangers
not a few.

'Twas a thing of vast importance he should the
journey take,
For on it his best interests for the future were at
stake;
So he purposed as he started to use great skill and
care,
That if by any means he might arrive in safety
there.

He started well and for a time went steadily along,
And soon began to rate himself clear-sighted, wise
and strong,

Then his eyes began to wander in self-esteem abroad
To watch the footsteps of the rest, who trod the
selfsame road.

He saw one make a false step and a second reel and
fall;

Then proudly tossed his head and thought, I'm
cleverest of all,

But stumbled as he raised his head, some said 'twas
o'er a straw,

Yet be that as it might it seemed to give a fatal
blow.

Thus prospects fair were blighted by his foolish-
ness and pride;

His journey and his hopes perhaps forever laid
aside;

Yet should he ever rise again his journey to pursue
With deep shame, he'll oft remember lost time and
folly too.

Methinks I hear a whisper low, "Served right, I do
declare!

His own dear feet, not others, should have claimed
his greatest care.

I cannot feel in such a case much pity to award
Such self-conceitedness it seems met with its just
reward."

PROGRESS INEVITABLE.

PROGRESS is seen in everything,
Every hour new changes bring;
No matter where we turn our eyes,
New forms and new conditions rise.
Some things their former states excel,
And some appear not quite so well!
While some men grow in strength and health,
Some rise in wisdom; some in wealth,
Some in dire poverty increase;
Some in contention, some in peace,
Some in disease progress amain,
Or slow or quick good health regain.
Thus naught can stationary stay;
All must improve or must decay!
As ocean's flowing tide recedes.
So change to change each day succeeds.
When Ignorance resolves to learn

In Wisdom's school, the tide will turn;
When Poverty unseals its eyes,
It may to Plenty soon arise!
When vice in men and nations cease,
Advancement comes in health and peace,
The fetters broken give release;
The fountain dried, the stream will cease,
Thus states and empires take their course,
For better some, and some for worse;
Some in dishonest men confide
And swiftly to the whirlpool ride;
Some slumber while the canker worm
Their heart of life to death transform.
So nations often downward tend,
Whose glory might have had no end,
If like a skilled physician, they
Had stopped the progress of decay;
Had right men in their council stood,
Bent only on the public good,
Had seen that each integral part
Was nourished duly from the heart.
If peoples would such men employ,

They would increase in wealth and joy;
Congestive panics disappear,
With loss and apprehensive fear.
Thus any nation might progress
In order, peace and happiness.
If invalids neglect their case,
To dead men such their steps will trace;
When states to prudence pay no heed,
They in the past their fate may read.

WHOSE OX IS GORED.

A SUPERCILIOUS parson, like others of his
kind,
Could preach and pray quite fluently, when he was
so inclined;
Spread out his hands and shake his head, his eyes
roll toward the sky,
And modulate his sentences, till scarce a face was
dry!
With morals and wise maxims his memory was
well stored,
But his conscience was quite easy, unless his ox was
gored;
In worldly goods and chattels, he was reckoned
well to do;
He had hogs, and cows, and horses, and chickens
not a few;

Besides a hired man named John, possessed of sterling grit,

Who could take a joke or give one with most provoking wit.

One day the parson's animals broke through his neighbor's fence,

But no apology he made, or thought of recompense.
John told him of the circumstance before to church he went,

Saying, "Shall I turn them out, sir, ill feelings to prevent?"

"No, indeed," replied the parson, "this is the Sabbath day,

And there until tomorrow morning, we must let them stay!

We did not break the fence for them, so let them get their fill,

For it appears to me quite plain, that such is heaven's will!

Indeed, I feel surprised at you, you know the scriptures say,

Thy manservant shall do no labor on the Sabbath day!"

The following Sabbath, strange to say quite early in the morn,

The neighbors herd of hogs broke through into the parson's corn.

"O John," he cried "come, come, my man, make haste and turn them out,

Or that they'll eat up all my corn I've not the slightest doubt!"

"O no!" cried John, "remember sir, this is the Sabbath day,

And there until tomorrow morning we must let them stay!

We did not break the fence for them, so let them get their fill,

For it appears to me quite plain, that such is heaven's will!

Indeed I feel surprised at you, you know the scriptures say,

Thy manservant shall do no labor on the Sabbath day."

The parson could not see it so, when to himself applied,

But thought if he could get them out, he would be justified.

So off he ran and tugged and sweat, while John stood laughing near,

To see his master's vain attempts the hungry hogs to steer,

Which way he tried to drive them to the opposite they ran,

Till he sank down exhausted, a completely used up man.

He thought the dose quite good enough for neighbors to receive,

But measured back to him again, it made him sigh and grieve.

This case is but a sample of how some will act and talk
To get the best of others, 'neath a sanctimonious cloak;

But however those who do so may grumble at their fate,

A retributive penalty will reach them soon or late.

THE OCEAN.

THOU grave immense, so long, so wide, so deep,
Where legions of mankind securely sleep!
Thou awful sepulchre whose eddying flow
Carries thy ghastly tenants to and fro!
Of all the myriads in thy vast domain
Perhaps not one, where first they fell remain.
No monument inscribed reveals the place
Where tangled sea weeds one pale corpse embrace.
The rich, the poor, the lawless, young and old,
Alike from view thy limpid barriers hold.
Here blustering pirate, with the seaman brave,
And trembling coward make one common grave;
The slave, escaping from his galling chains,
In some dark cave safe from pursuit remains,
Grim warriors fighting, from thy surface fell,
Their bones to mingle in some slimy dell.
The hapless lover on his journey home
Resolved no more in distant lands to roam,

Who in delusive hope his fair one waits,
Sank in despair down through thy crystal gates.
The widowed mother for her sailor son
Waits long in vain; he to his rest has gone;
No more the cold and weary watch he keeps,
Low in the deep, 'mid shining shells he sleeps.
The gentle lady and her infant dear,
Abruptly ended all their sorrows here;
She bravely trusted thy remorseless wave;
To meet her lord, love's sacrifice she gave;
In some far clime he waits for them in vain,
Alas! on earth they'll never meet again!
The merchant trader from some distant mart
Here with his costly merchandise must part,
His hopes are fled, far squandered all his gains,
His wares lie rotting on the ocean plains.
The exile seeking peace in foreign climes;
The felon banished for his many crimes;
The emigrant, who untried ills defied,
To gain the bread his native land denied;
Upon thy pavement rests his weary head,
'Mid mocking wealth of pearls and corals red.

Among sharp rocks, beneath thy breakers wild
Are many a gallant crew promiscuous piled,
Whose rattling bones thy restless billows hurl
Round caves imprisoned with a ceaseless whirl,
Where ugly creatures ever cling and crawl
With fibrous arms, along each slippery wall.
The missionary full of gracious zeal
Thy waves arrested, and rank weeds conceal.
The saint who traveled far with motives good,
But yet whose faith could not control thy flood,
Sank through thy limpid portals to his rest,
While passed his spirit to the waiting blest.
The day advances when thy garnered host
Must be surrendered, and not one be lost.
Their name is legion, yet shall all arise,
When sounds the trump of Gabriel from the skies.
Arise ye dead and come to judgment all!
Thou sea restore thy dead both great and small!
Come forth ye hosts concealed by land or sea,
Come stand before the bar of equity!
Then all from Death redeemed will live again,
And each a righteous recompense obtain.

GIVE EVERY ONE THEIR DUE.

IF any person you employ,
Do not forget their wages.
It is a shame, when any one
Does not as he engages.

If any one would do you good
And in some way has shown it,
As small a thing as can be done
Is gratefully to own it.

SPEAK OF A MAN AS YOU FIND HIM.

TO speak of a man as you find him
Is a noble plan to pursue.
If a weak bridge carried you safely,
It has been a good bridge to you.

The random assertions of slander
May all be untrue, or in part.
But if true, unspeakable anguish
May torture the grief-stricken heart.

Encourage attempts to do better;
Speak kind to the struggling soul;
Assist him to conquer the errors,
He finds it so hard to control.

The *upas* of evil surroundings
Covers all with pestilent shade,
And of all who finally triumph,
Not one will succeed without aid.

If you quench not flax that is smoking;
If you break not the bruised reed,
You will find friends, many and mighty,
That will help you in time of need.

LET US PRACTICE WHAT WE PREACH.

WHILE talk may be both true and grand,
Example beats it far!
Combined they should together stand,
Not with each other jar!

When teaching others how to live,
It should to us occur,
Our coin's as good to take, as give,
We ought not to demur.

It looks not well to say, "Be kind
To every fellow-man,"
Then such as in our grasp we find
To crush because we can.

And when we say, "From vice refrain,
Your passions all subdue,"
We should our doctrine well sustain
By conduct pure and true.

Our maxims will ourselves condemn
Before the Judge on high,
Unless we humbly practice them,
With what we teach comply.

GIVE EVERY ONE A CHANCE.

THROUGHOUT this world there may
be found,
By those who care to look around,
Many a poor, discouraged soul,
Who cannot Censurer's darts control,
Who may in life have made mistakes
For which his heart with sorrow aches;
Whom Self-conceit berates and scolds
And Slander for a target holds;
Selecting times their shafts to send,
When he could not himself defend;
Oft striking, when he does not know
Whose hand it was that dealt the blow;
Yet who is there that will not own
'Tis base to smite a man when down,
Or would not those kind words advance
"Allow the fallen one a chance!"

Sometimes a female may be seen,
Whom few if any care to screen;
She may have erred, and who has not?
Is there a life without a blot?
And if the candid truth was known,
Her faults may not be half her own.
That we are pure, first let us know
Before we stones at others throw.
Such was the rule with mercy fraught,
The gracious "Friend of Sinners" taught,
Unless His spirit we obtain,
All gifts and graces else are vain.
It matters not how much we know
Unless true charity we show.
However far in error gone,
We are God's children every one,
And all have much to be forgiven,
If we expect to dwell in heaven.
Then look not scornfully askance,
Give all who might reform a chance!

ENDLESS DURATION.

COUNT every leaf, and twig there be
On every bush, and plant, and tree;
Count every blade of grass and flower,
And every raindrop in each shower;
Tell every hair on every head
Of people now alive or dead;
Upon all beasts that ever dwelt
On earth, and life's pulsations felt;
Each heart's beat, also every breath
Of all that live, or sleep in death;
Each beast, and bird, of every size
That creeps, or crawls, or mounts the skies;
All insect forms that run or leap
Upon the earth or in the deep;
And every sparkling drop of dew
On every spray that ever grew;
On all the glittering spires that fly

As snowflakes from the clouds on high;
Tell all the drops that oceans make—
Comprise each river, sea or lake;
Then every grain of sand you see
Along the margin of the sea;
And every single tiny mote
That in the rays of sunshine float;
All molecules found anywhere,
In earth, in water, or in air;
Next all the beaming stars that spread
In shining legions overhead;
Then all the atoms that comprise
Those untold myriads of the skies:
Their sums all added, though so vast,
Would into ciphers all be cast—
Be not a unit in the sum
Of future ages yet to come.
Of those who true to God remain
And shall celestial glory gain,
No mortal or immortal mind
A limit to their years can find,
Or count their increase who shall live
To have “eternal lives,” to give.

THREE PRICELESS GEMS—VIRTUE, LOVE AND
TRUTH.

THE worth of virtue can never be told,
'Tis far more precious than glittering gold;
Creating expressions of exquisite grace,
And bathing in beauty the human face.
It frameth a conscience, pure as the snow,
And grandly with honor adorns the brow.
Under its aspect, unspeakably sweet,
Health, and contentment, and happiness meet.
True love is a prize that cannot be bought,
It's price is not found in the range of thought;
Uniting our hearts in the bonds of joy,
Which time cannot sever, nor death destroy!
The pure quintessence of heaven's delight,
It cometh to earth from the realms of light!
It looked with compassion on fallen man,
And prompted redemption's wondrous plan!

And thou, unsullied, imperial Truth,
That shinest forever in fadeless youth;
That no bribe can purchase, or falsehood stain;
No hand imprison with dungeon chain,
The martyr's fire cannot injure thee
Or hinder thine ultimate destiny.
Thou only foundation forever sure,
All who buildeth on thee may rest secure.

THE FROGS IN TROUBLE.

A Comic Recitation.

PRAY listen to me while a story I tell!
Two frogs in a pitcher of cream once fell;
They tumbled, and struggled, and spluttered long
time;
Trying hard from their slippery prison to climb.
It was perfectly smooth, and sloping inside,
And they labored together till one of them cried,
"I am perfectly sick of this flopping around,
We shall have to stay here until smothered, or
drowned;
We cannot get out we've made enough tries.
This cream has plastered up both of my eyes!"
Said the other, "'Tis nonsense you talk, I declare,
It is folly concluding to die in despair!
Let us paddle together as long as we can,
I feel as determined as when we began;

The cream is much thicker than when we fell in,
And if we keep trying, I think we shall win."
Then the other took courage and rustled again;
Determined his freedom once more to obtain.
They wiggled, and wobbled, scarce able to crawl;
Till they found they were climbing a soft, greasy
ball.
It was hard work to climb with their legs sticking
fast,
For the cream was turning to butter at last.
And they patiently toiled up the slippery lump
Till at length from the edge of the pitcher they
jump.
Then, when they had rested and licked themselves
clean,
Two bright, happy frogs once more could be seen.

MORAL.

The meaning of this is perfectly plain,
Both people and frogs should from danger refrain,
For if through their foolishness freedom is lost
To regain it much toil it is likely to cost;

No one need expect any help from despair,
All must work with a will, no energy spare,
If ever the crown of the victor they wear.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

AN ACROSTIC.

A SKILLFUL artist, whom I much esteem,
Lives in my thoughts an ever welcome
theme.

From recollection's archives never be
Removed the name, the reader here may see,
Enshrined among the loved ones I have known,
Deep in my heart to dwell his right I own!

Long may he live respected and renowned,
Among the famous may his name be found!
May thousands yet enjoy his works and words,
Behold with transport what his skill affords!
On many a pathway may his genius shine,
Until constrained all own his gifts divine.
Rewarded richly may his talents be;
Nor long the season of expectancy,
Ere he his due appreciation see.

RETRIBUTION.

RETRIBUTION travels on,
Tracking surely every one;
None can shun its argus eye,
None can cheat it with a lie.
It brings the pay to each man's door,
Be he rich, or be he poor.
Be they high, or be they low,
All must gather what they sow.

Justice never can forget
Wrongs inflicted must be met;
Crime's true record it can trace
In the most dissembling face;
Injured innocence it sees,
Marks all merciless decrees;
Circumstances, deep and dark
Cannot make it miss the mark.

Rob the laborer of his hire
It will burn your soul like fire;
If you venture to oppress
Widow or the fatherless,
Though it be sore against your will
You will have to foot the bill.
All such deeds are written down,
Justice yet will make them known.

If you teach the young to stray,
You for that will have to pay;
If you plant with thorns the ground,
They will deal you many a wound.
On one or other side of time,
Expiation follows crime;
O'er death's river it pursues,
Claiming all unsettled dues.

If in trust you are not true,
You will yet afford the clue;
Make amends then while you may,
Agree with all while in the way,
Ere you, with all the false and base

Shall sink in sorrow and disgrace;
Seek not vainly to defeat
The sentence you must surely meet.

Virtue gains a good reward,
Vice's recompose is hard;
Righteous acts will bear the light,
Evil seeks the cloak of night.
No good deed will lie concealed,
All acts and motives be revealed,
All will realize their worth
In the harvest of the earth.

WHO CAN MEASURE ARMS WITH GOD?

HOW vast, how grand the work of latter days!
How wonderful is God in all His ways!
From everlasting, still unchanged, the same
To man, the Gospel of salvation came.
Small its commencement, yet it spreads and grows,
For wisdom guides it, that no limit knows;
The Eye all seeing watches day and night;
Omnipotence sustains it with His might;
Yet man, the puny creature of a day,
Attempts the work of Deity to stay.
How vastly worse than vain the foolish hope,
Successfully with heavenly hosts to cope!
As well attempt to stay the falling rain,
Or bind the waves of ocean with a chain;
As well assay the whirlwind to confine,
In arrogance, forbid the sun to shine.
Jehovah's purpose frustrate! Sooner far

Might boasting man pull down the morning star!
God's work will flourish, though the heathen rage,
Though hell's dark legions constant warfare wage!

The Saints will gather and the cause progress,
Though human wisdom count it foolishness.
A sinful world must feel the chastening rod,
'Till all acknowledge that the Lord is God;
Until "before Him every knee shall bow,"
And nations all, Messiah's claims allow.
The earth redeemed, will yet to Saints be given!
Such is the promise, such the will of heaven.
Possessing all things by a right divine,
The pure, forever, as the stars shall shine;
Their increase, increase never find a bound,
While never ending ages roll around;
Their kingdoms and their glory, ne'er shall end
While immortality or space extend.

CHARITY.

LIKE as a soft, refreshing shower
To a thirsty, fading flower;
As spring succeeding winter's cold,
Sweet scenes of beauty to unfold;
So words and acts of charity
Can cheer and bless humanity.

Slow to condemn, yet quick to heal
The wounds repentant sinners feel,
Like the Samaritan whose eye
Had pity, when all else passed by;
And hope and courage to restore
Says, "Go in peace and sin no more."

And when remorseless words of gall
From Slander's lips, insidious fall,
To cloud a brother's rising fame,
To cast a stigma on his name,

Thy voice is more than eloquence
Or armed hosts in his defense.

When mercy can no further go
But justice must let fall the blow,
Still thou art on the victim's track
To lead the wretched wanderer back;
To teach him folly to forget
And how he may be happy yet.

Blest bond of perfectness and peace,
Destined to bring mankind release,
Pure "Love of God," which knows no bound
Encircling all creation round!
Happy the bosom filled with thee,
From sin, from fear and sorrow free.

Come charity with healing powers,
And sanctify this world of ours,
That man his fellow-man may love,
As angels do in realms above.
Then earth from every evil freed
Will become a heaven indeed.

AN ACROSTIC.

J OYFUL news to earth has come
Of things both precious and sublime;
Such as mankind could never know
Except revealed by power Divine;
Pure principles of light and love
Have come from Him who reigns above!

Sent forth men's errors to remove,
May all who read these lines be wise
In this their hour of heavenly grace,
Then will they bless the name, which now
Has somewhere in these lines a place.

KINDNESS.

PURE attribute of that "Eternal Spirit,"
Which warms, gives life, and light to every
thing,

What joys attend thy steps, "angel of peace!"
How oft has fury fled at thy sweet voice,
And savage brute and still more savage man
Bowed down to worship to mysterious might,
As when with dextrous hand the son of Jesse
Charmed a maddened Saul till he forgot his wrath,
And ere he was aware became the kind and
Gracious king, subdued by thy sweet accents!
O wondrous hope! inspiring power! At thy
Glad sound, the hopeless suicide has faltered
In his dreadful purpose, and dashed to earth
The poison cup, or sheathed the glittering steel
As tremblingly 'twixt joy and shame his strength
Returned, and he resolved to cling to life

And battle with the ills that thronged his path,
Assured one lived, who wished him happiness.
The lonely widow, orphan and unfriended poor
Have dried their tears, and each forgot to mourn,
And felt that life was still a precious boon.

But joined with heaven's "Eternal Priesthood,"
What heart can then withstand thy royal claims?
Thy tones then fall on misery's ear like sounds
Of sweetest melody poured forth from heavenly
Harps of gold, when swept by angel fingers!
Then art thou surely, quite omnipotent
For good, and he who weaves thine influence
Through and around each thought and act of life
Will add a heavenly beauty to his countenance,
Which like a genial sunshine shed around,
Shall gladden all within his ever-widening
Sphere. His years will lengthen out and mortal
Life become to him a feast divine, while
Round his name, the blessings of a ransomed
Host shall cling, through time and all eternity,
Thus blessing others, he shall most be blessed!

ADDRESS TO MAN.

O MAN! Thou child of the Eternal One,
Whose royal lineage extends throughout
Each cycle of all past eternities,
And will continue on forevermore,
If thou but use thine agency for good,
Obey the Everlasting Father of thy spirit,
And thus know the laws by which
Himself endures. Not ocean's drops or sands
Upon their shores, or stars that glitter in
The vast unmeasured firmament on high,
Shall then outnumber thy posterity or years,
And thou shalt live increasing still, as He;
Thy peace and happiness will know no end!
Yea, if thou overcome the various evils,
Which cling around thy path in this probative
State, all things the Father hath, the like are thine.
But ah! deceive not thou thyself, for though

Thy Maker be so kind, yet is He just,
And from the path of truth can never swerve.
Sooner shall thy soul dissolve, and with the
Earth return again to primal elements,
Those glittering orbs bespangling heaven's high
arch,
Shall all descend again into that dread
Abyss of everlasting night, from whence
Each in the morning of creation came,—
Shall be disorganized, their being and
Their order lost; their light forever quenched,
Ere the Immutable will change or bow to thee,
Or He accept thy worship or thy works
In any but His own appointed way.
'Till thou surpass Him in both might and mind,
'Till thou canst tell when truth will cease to be,
Ere thou canst measure that which hath no bounds
And grasp infinity within thy span;
'Till then seek not to counsel God, or change
His everlasting covenants or laws.
And if thou hate the truth, despise His grace,
Then thou rejecteth life, and needs must be

The prey of falsehood and an heir of woe,
Thy doom is sure, thy future increase stayed;
And though thou wander still in search of joy,
In search of peace in sin's unhallowed paths,
Then happiness will be to thee, as when
The famished traveler surveys the fruit
Whose fair exterior tempts his hungry soul,
With promise of a rich, refreshing feast,
But yet as he partakes his mouth is filled
At once with bitter and most loathsome ashes.
Such ever is the sinner's recompense.
Then bow thyself, O man, and serve thy God
And be assured, that as thy deeds so thy reward
shall be!

WOMAN.

WOMAN, thou hast often been
The burden of the poet's theme,
And every gem of art or thought,
That could be useful hath been brought
From heaven, or earth, or sky, or sea,
To make comparisons with thee.
While fancy in its highest flight,
Could find no metaphor too bright
To show the graces or the worth
Of thee, the lovely queen of earth!
Perhaps our glorious mother, Eve,
Had graces more than we conceive;
Perfection's self, if such could be,
The daughter of the Deity.
A help for man, a friend, a wife
For present and for future life;
Confiding, unsuspecting, kind,

To virtue, peace and truth inclined;
Endowed with gentleness and love,
Like that displayed in realms above.

Ordained to be a mother wise,
To teach her offspring how to rise,
'Till they each in their lot shall stand,
As countless as the ocean's sand;
To show them principles whereby
They still might raise themselves on high,
While endless ages rolled away,
Enlarging still their kingly sway,—
Such was thy destiny, thy sphere,
Designed by Him, who placed thee here,
And yet will be in spite of those
Who choose to be Jehovah's foes.
But what a catalogue of wrongs
To thy past history belongs!
How much perverted and abused,
How persecuted and accused!
How oft has man, thy rightful Lord
Bowed down to thee and thee adored;

Placed thee where he by right should stand,
Thy smiles and favors to command;
Unmanned himself to win the love,
He made himself unworthy of;
Filled thee with false, ambitious pride
And let thee for a time preside!
But, when the prize so madly sought,
Lo, at the cost of manhood bought,
Was gained, 'twas crushed and trampled on,
'Till its instinctive love was gone.
The slave assumed the tyrant's part
And broke the too confiding heart;
Made thee a slave, a thing of naught,
With scarce the privilege of thought;
Charged his own follies on thy soul,
Which he deprived of self-control.
Expecting living virtues still,
Which he as often strove to kill;
Styled thee the weakest, yet denied
The doctrine in his words implied;
Professing to be wise and brave,
Yet crowding weakness to the grave.

Such is the course that men pursue
With some exceptions, but a few.
'Tis true, some places may be found,
In traversing the world around,
Where woman's rights seem better known
And more consideration shown.
But everywhere she suffers wrong,
Is held in bondage by the strong.
If some fare better, more fare worse,
All suffer from a slavish curse;
Some are debarred from social joys,
And many, too, disease destroys,
Caused by the being, who should seek
To banish sorrow from her cheek,
To cheer her life, protect from harm
And shield her by his stronger arm.
The haunts of infamy reveal
Enough to pierce a heart of steel,
There woman, trodden to the dust,
Remains in crime, because she must.
Her brother man has placed her there,
Because she yielded to his prayer,

Her great reward a world of woes,
From which but God redemption knows.
True 'mid scenes of pomp and pride,
Appear their miseries to hide,
Where music, merriment and glee
Make up a false felicity.
But many a glittering diamond shines
Over a heart that grieves and pines;
Bright gold and gems and gaudy show
Oft hide a load of woes below.
If wealth can bring a fleeting joy,
It cannot sense of wrong destroy;
It cannot heal the riven heart,
Nor peaceful, lasting joys impart;
For woman's spirit cannot rest
Until by truth and virtue blessed;
Until as by the heavens designed,
She gains a husband just and kind.
Gains one who will her rights defend,
And ne'er below his rank descend;
One who would never stoop so low
As worship aught of earth below;

One who would not step aside
For wealth, or lust, or fear, or pride.
Yet some will say, "But woman sins."—
True, but the cause with man begins!
If men were virtuous, 'tis plain
That woman must from vice refrain.
In spite of all excuses made,
'Tis men who womankind degrade,
And they responsible will be
For much of their iniquity.
If men were truthful, firm, and just,
Each faithful to his solemn trust,
Then happiness would reign around,
And crime and grief no more abound;
Then woman would her rights enjoy
In happiness without alloy;
Her features would more lovely grow,
As honor shone upon her brow;
Her face be as an angel's fair,
No trace of sin or sorrow there;
Her children would be good and wise,
And on to fadeless honors rise.

Thank heaven the glorious time is near
When sin and grief will disappear;
The dreadful, long, protracted night
Give way before celestial light!
Ere long that light will pour its beams
O'er earth, in never-failing streams,
And every trace of night give way
To bright, unclouded, endless day.
The heavenly marriage order, now
Is introduced, and still will grow,
'Till like a spreading, thrifty tree
It shelters all, and all are free.
Then woman will, but not before,
Be fully blest forevermore!

A WISH FOR SALT LAKE CITY.

I WISH that Salt Lake City's fate may be,
To ever flourish as a green bay tree.
Through all the world be noted for good health,
For beautiful arrangement and great wealth;
For good will, progress, true prosperity,
For toleration, peace and equity;
For happy wedlock and fidelity,
For mighty statesmen, virtuous and true,
For handsome men and lovely women too.







